

CHARLTON
COMICS
00095-1172

NO. 93
NOV.
CDC
ONLY
20¢

ALL NEW

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

CHEYENNE KID

THE LAST PASSING HERD
THE CAPTURE OF SOREFOOT



00095

THEY WERE ALL HERE... THE BUTCHERS OF THE WESTERN PLAINS... THE BUFFALO HUNTERS, THE DEADLY MARKSMEN WHO DID MORE TO DEFEAT THE PLAINS INDIANS THAN THE U.S. ARMY OR ANYTHING ELSE! WITHOUT THE BUFFALO, THE INDIANS COULD NOT SURVIVE... AND THESE SLIT-EYED KILLERS COULD WIPE OUT A VAST HERD IN A MATTER OF DAYS! THIS TIME, OTHER HUNTERS WAITED FOR THE MIGRATING HERD OF BISON... A TRIBE OF SIOUX... WHO KNEW THIS MIGHT BE THE LAST HUNT THEY'D EVER SEE! THE CHEYENNE KID GRIEVED WITH THEM... IT HURT TO SEE THE BUFFALO PERISH... AND THE INDIANS WITH THEM!

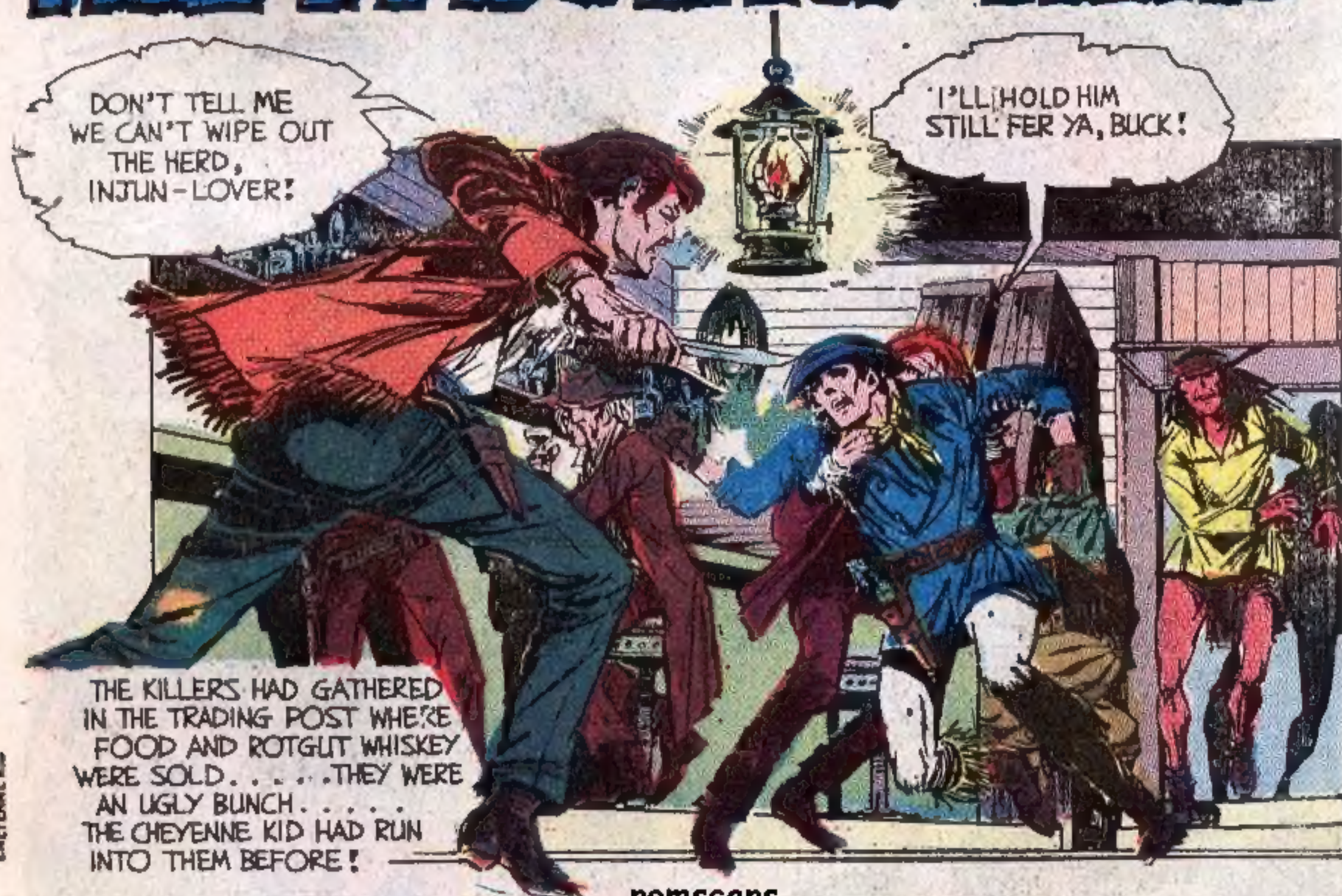
CHEYENNE KID

NO 93

D-3247

EDITOR : GEORGE WILDMAN
STORY : JOE GILL
ART : SANHO KIM

THE PASSING HERD



nomscans



THAT'S IT, LEERY!
I'M GONNA FIX HIM
PERMANENT
THIS TIME!

THE CHEYENNE KID
AND HIS INTJUN FRIEND
WILL NEVER
LEAVE HERE ALIVE!

RUN,
CHEYENNE!

SPLAT!

HOLD HIM,
MAD EAGLE!

**NOT
MOVE!**



FIRST ONE TOUCHES A GUN
DIES.... MAD EAGLE....
BLOW HIM IN HALF IF THEY
JUMP US!

THE WEST AIN'T
BIG ENOUGH TUH
HIDE IN,
RENEGADE!
WE'LL FIND YA!



BLAM!

CRASH!



DON'T TALK, MAD EAGLE... RUN!

WE WILL BE PUNISHED, CHEYENNE! BLACK HEART, THE AGENT, WILL NOT GIVE US FOOD WHEN WINTER COMES!



I SPOKE WITH YOUR CHIEF, QUICK OTTER... I TOLD HIM HIS BAND OF SIOUX WOULD PERISH HERE WHERE THE WHITE MEN COVET THE LAND!

THERE, BEYOND THE KNIFE MOUNTAINS, IS WHERE YOUR PEOPLE BELONG!



WE TRIED TO LIVE THERE, CHEYENNE, BUT THE BUFFALO DID NOT COME AS THEY ALWAYS HAD BEFORE! WHITE MEN BUILT A FENCE... NOW, TO HUNT, WE MUST MAKE OUR HOME SOUTH OF THE KNIFE RANGE!



RIDING NORTH FROM THE AGENCY, THEY CAME TO THE FENCE! HEAVY TIMBER AND BARBED WIRE... IT HELD THE VAST BUFFALO HERDS HERE SO THE HIDE HUNTERS COULD SLAUGHTER THEM EACH SPRING!



WILLIAMS, THE MAN YOU CALL BLACK HEART, TOLD THEM TO BUILD THIS FENCE, MAD EAGLE!

WILLIAMS
WANTS A FENCE...
WE'LL GIVE IT TO HIM!
COME ON, MAD EAGLE,
I WANT TO TALK TO THE
TRIBAL ELDERS!

THE SIOUX WERE
EATING THEIR MORNING
MEAL WHEN THE
CHEYENNE KID RODE
IN... QUICK OTTER
MADE HIM WELCOME!

IT IS GOOD
TO SEE YOU NOW,
CHEYENNE! WHEN NEXT WE
MEET, WE MAY BE BEHIND A
WHITE MAN'S FENCE... LIKE
ANIMALS IN A CAGE!



THE BUFFALO HERD IS
MOVING NORTH... MANY
THOUSANDS OF HEALTHY
ANIMALS... THE LAST GREAT
HERD ON THE PLAINS!

WE MUST KILL
MANY FOR WE WILL NOT
SEE THEM NEXT YEAR!

THE INDIAN AGENT
PUT UP A BUFFALO FENCE...
WE WILL TAKE DOWN THE FENCE!
WE WILL NOT KILL THE BUFFALO...
WE WILL TURN THEM NORTH...
BEYOND THE KNIFE MOUNTAINS...
THEY WILL BE YOURS
FOREVERMORE.

NO! YOU SOUND LIKE THE
WHITE HIDE HUNTERS WHO
WILL STUPIDLY WIPE OUT
THEIR VERY LIVELIHOOD!

WE MUST
SAVE THIS
HERD!



CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

THERE IS TWO
MILES OF THIS BARBED
WIRE ACROSS THE VALLEY!
IF WE ONLY CUT THE WIRE,
THE BUFFALO WILL
NOT PASS!

WE'LL TAKE
THE FENCE
AWAY!
EVERY POST,
EVERY STRAND
OF WIRE!

THE SIOUX
HAD BEEN A
FALLEN,
DEFEATED
BAND UNTIL
NOW....
BUT AS QUICK
OTTER
EXPLAINED
CHEYENNE'S
PLAN,
THEY CAME
TO LIFE!

TONIGHT,
AT DUSK, WE WILL
BEGIN OUR
TASK!

WE WILL
WORK HARD!



THE CHEYENNE KID
RODE SOUTH....
TOWARD THE
LOW-LYING HAZE
ACROSS THE RICH
GRASSLANDS...
THE HERD WAS
COMING!

THEY'LL COME THROUGH
THE VALLEY NEAR THE
INDIAN AGENCY TOMORROW
AND THE NEXT DAY! THE
HUNTERS WILL SLAUGHTER
THOUSANDS!

THEY'RE BIG
BUT STUPID....
VERY EASY TO
SLAUGHTER!

HERE COMES THAT
CHEYENNE RENEGADE!
WE'LL STRING HIM UP
FER WHAT HE DONE!

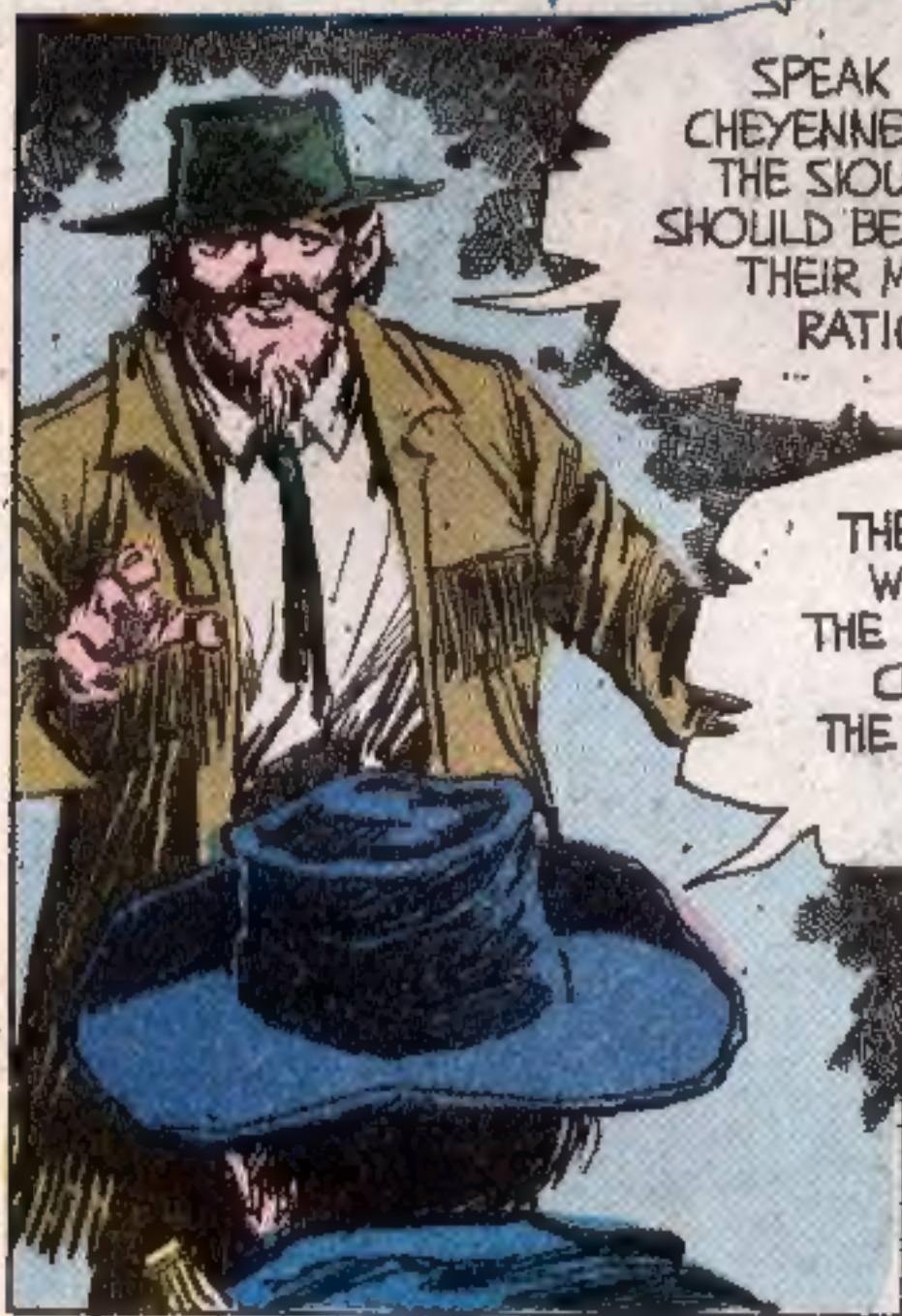
I'VE GOT TO
BLUFF THEM....
KEEP THEM HERE IN
THE POST UNTIL
TOMORROW!





HOLD BACK
YOUR WOLVES,
WILLIAMS!
I WANT TO
PARLEY!

LET'S HEAR
WHAT HE HAS TO SAY!
BUCK, DON'T KILL
HIM UNTIL I TELL
YOU TO START
SHOOTING!



SPEAK YOUR PIECE,
CHEYENNE! WHERE ARE
THE SIOUX? THEY
SHOULD BE HERE FOR
THEIR MONTHLY
RATIONS!

THEY'RE HOLDIN' A WAR COUNCIL!
I'M ADVISIN' YOU TO KEEP YORE KILLERS
AT THE POST FOR AT LEAST A DAY...
IF THEY START TROUBLE WITH THE TRIBES,
YOU'LL ALL BE WIPED OUT!

THEY ARE HERE,
WILLIAMS...
THE SIOUX, THE
CHEYENNE,
THE BLACKFOOT...

IF THIS TRIGGER-HAPPY
KILLER SHOOTS AT ME,
THEY'LL ATTACK!



WILLIAMS WAS A FRIGHTEND MAN... THE CHEYENNE KID
KNEW HE'D KEEP HIS KILLERS AT THE POST AWHILE!

DON'T WORRY,
CHEYENNE, HE WON'T!
PUT DOWN THE GUN,
YOU FOOL!

I'M GONNA KILL THAT
CHEYENNE TRAITOR,
WILLIAMS!



AT DUSK, HUNDREDS OF SIOUX WARRIORS RODE THEIR PONIES ALONG THE BUFFALO FENCE.....

HAUL THE SECTIONS OF FENCE OVER NEAR THE AGENCY! AFTER WE GET IT OUT OF THE VALLEY, I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT TO DO!

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH THE WIRE, CHEYENNE?

I KNOW A GOOD PLACE FOR IT, CHIEF! YOU'LL SEE!



THEY WORKED TIRELESSLY THROUGH THE NIGHT..... DRAGGING THE WIRE UP THE LONG HILL TO THE AGENCY!

CLOSE THAT SECTION YONDER!

NOW, THE HUNTERS HAVE THEIR FENCE...





THE FIRST
MAN TO
SPOT THE
BARBED
WIRE
SOUNDED
THE ALARM...

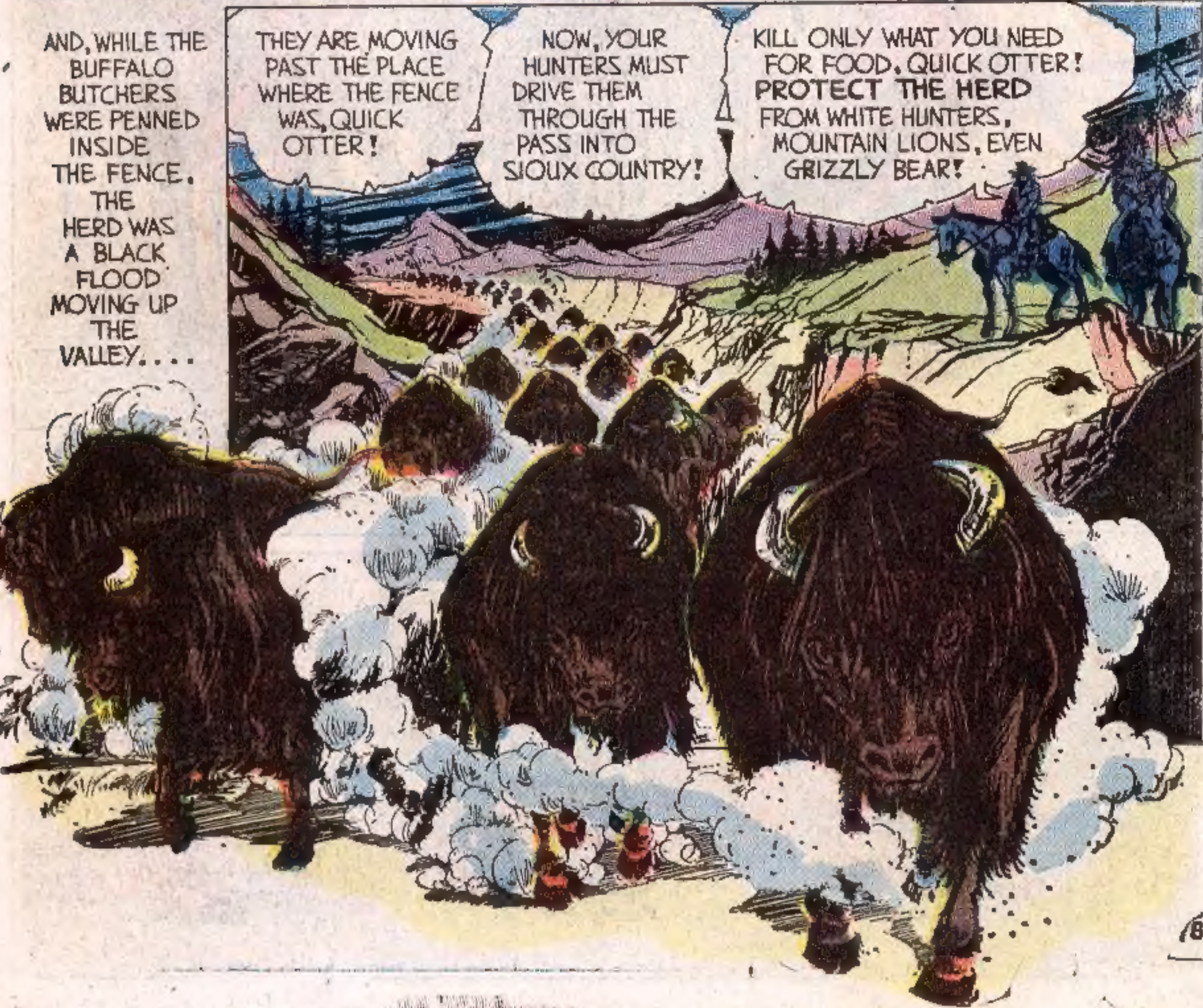
LOOK, WILLIAMS! THE CURSED
RENEGADE TRAPPED
US IN HERE!

THEY TORE DOWN -- --
THE BUFFALO FENCE!
QUICK, BUCK...
GET THE OTHERS!



NOT KILL... JUST KEEP
THEM INSIDE THE
WHITE MAN'S FENCE!

BUT THE CHEYENNE KID HAD
ANTICIPATED THIS... AND SIOUX
WARRIORS WERE WAITING OUTSIDE
THE WIRE!

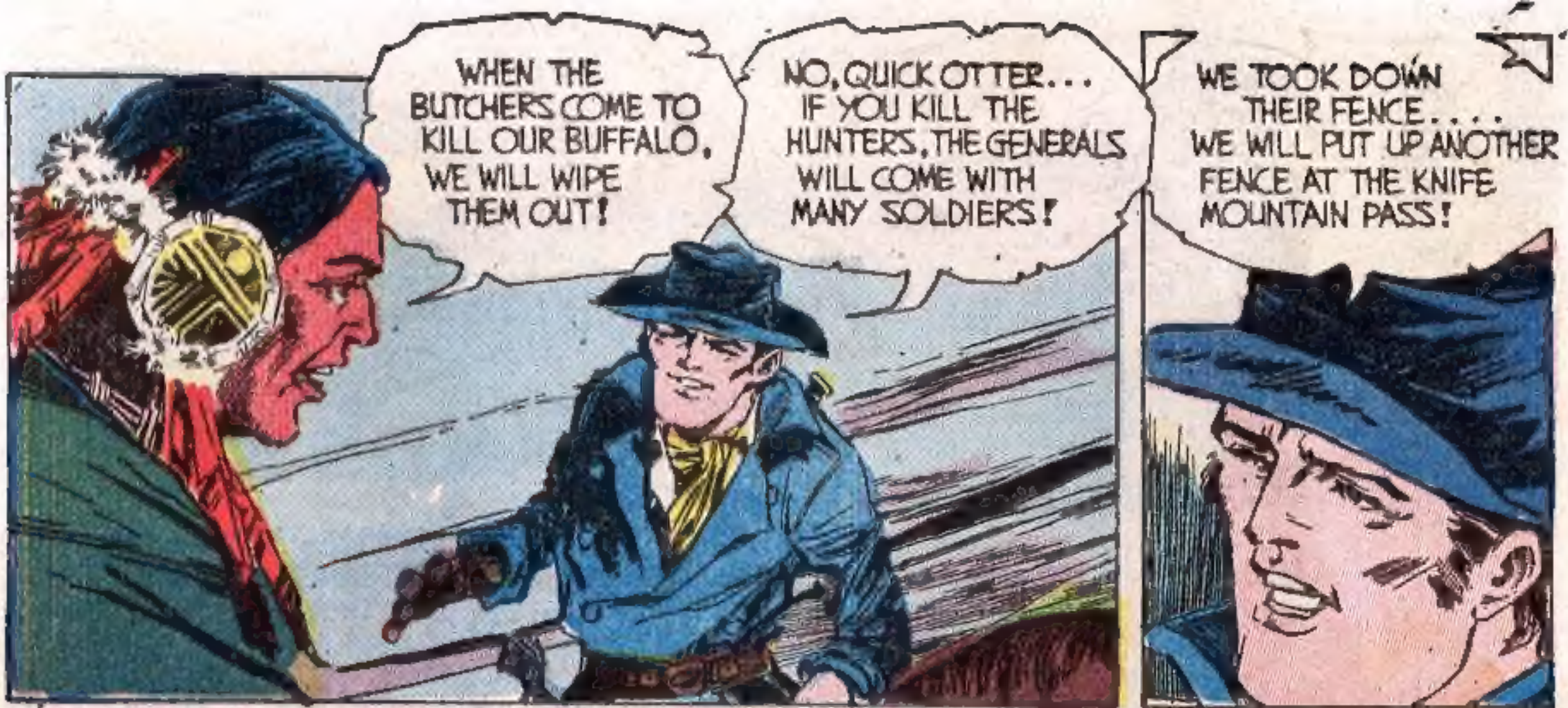


AND, WHILE THE
BUFFALO
BUTCHERS
WERE PENNED
INSIDE
THE FENCE,
THE
HERD WAS
A BLACK
FLOOD
MOVING UP
THE
VALLEY....

THEY ARE MOVING
PAST THE PLACE
WHERE THE FENCE
WAS, QUICK
OTTER!

NOW, YOUR
HUNTERS MUST
DRIVE THEM
THROUGH THE
PASS INTO
SIOUX COUNTRY!

KILL ONLY WHAT YOU NEED
FOR FOOD, QUICK OTTER!
PROTECT THE HERD
FROM WHITE HUNTERS,
MOUNTAIN LIONS, EVEN
GRIZZLY BEAR!



THE BUFFALO HUNTERS SWEEP AROUND A BEND AND ABRUPTLY HALTED THEIR BRONCS! THERE WAS ANOTHER FENCE.... A LIVING BARRIER... THE SIOUX WARRIORS BARRED THEIR WAY!

WHOA! HOLD IT, YOU FOOLS... IF ANYONE FIRES A SHOT, WE'LL BE MASSACRED!

HOLD 'EM THERE, WILLIAMS! YOU CAN ALL TURN AROUND... THERE'LL BE NO BUFFALO HUNT THIS YEAR... OR ANY OTHER YEAR!

I KNEW YUH'D TRY IT, WILLIAM... THIS IS THE ONLY LANGUAGE YOU UNDERSTAND!

GET 'EM OUT OF HERE, WILLIAMS! DON'T COME BACK... THE SIOUX DON'T WANT YOUR HELP.. THEY CAN GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU!

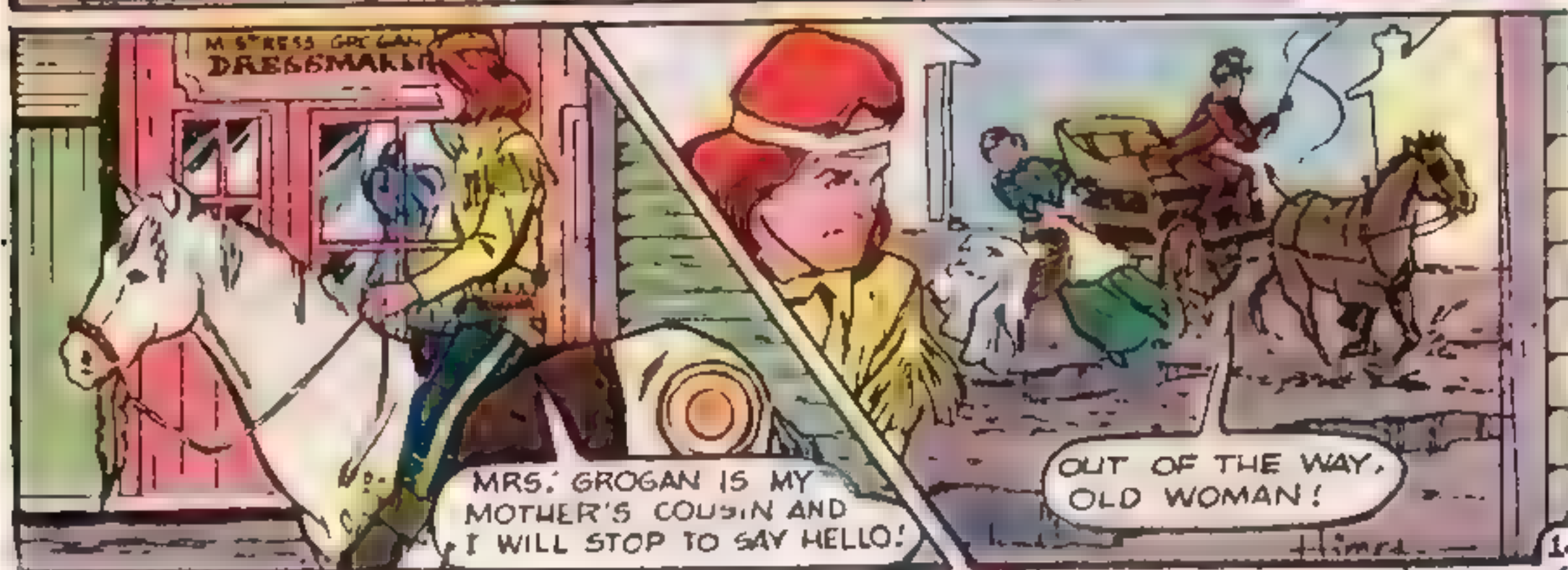
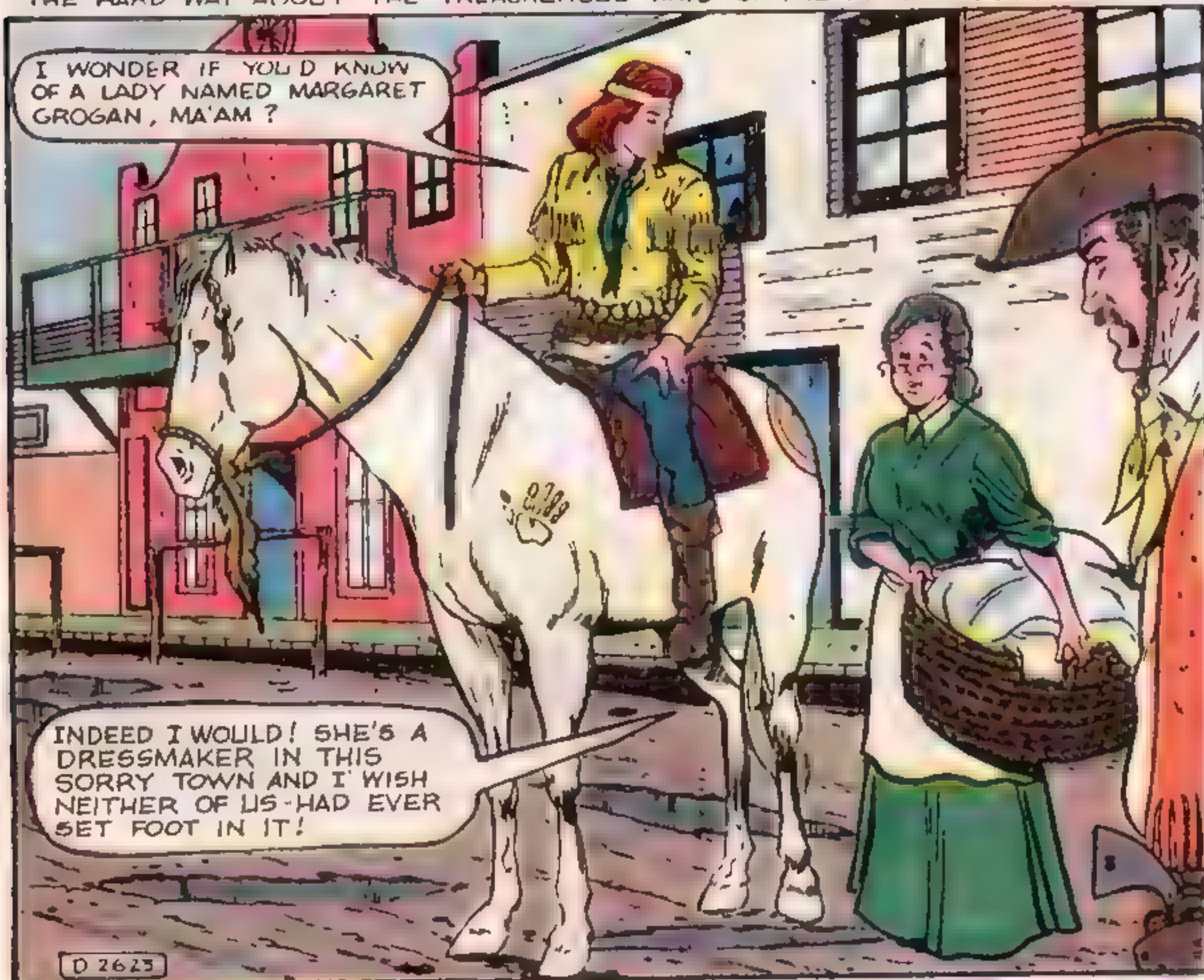
LATER.... AFTER TWO OLD BULLS HAD BEEN SHOT.... THE SIOUX HAD THEIR FEAST AND THE CHEYENNE KID WAS CHEERED!

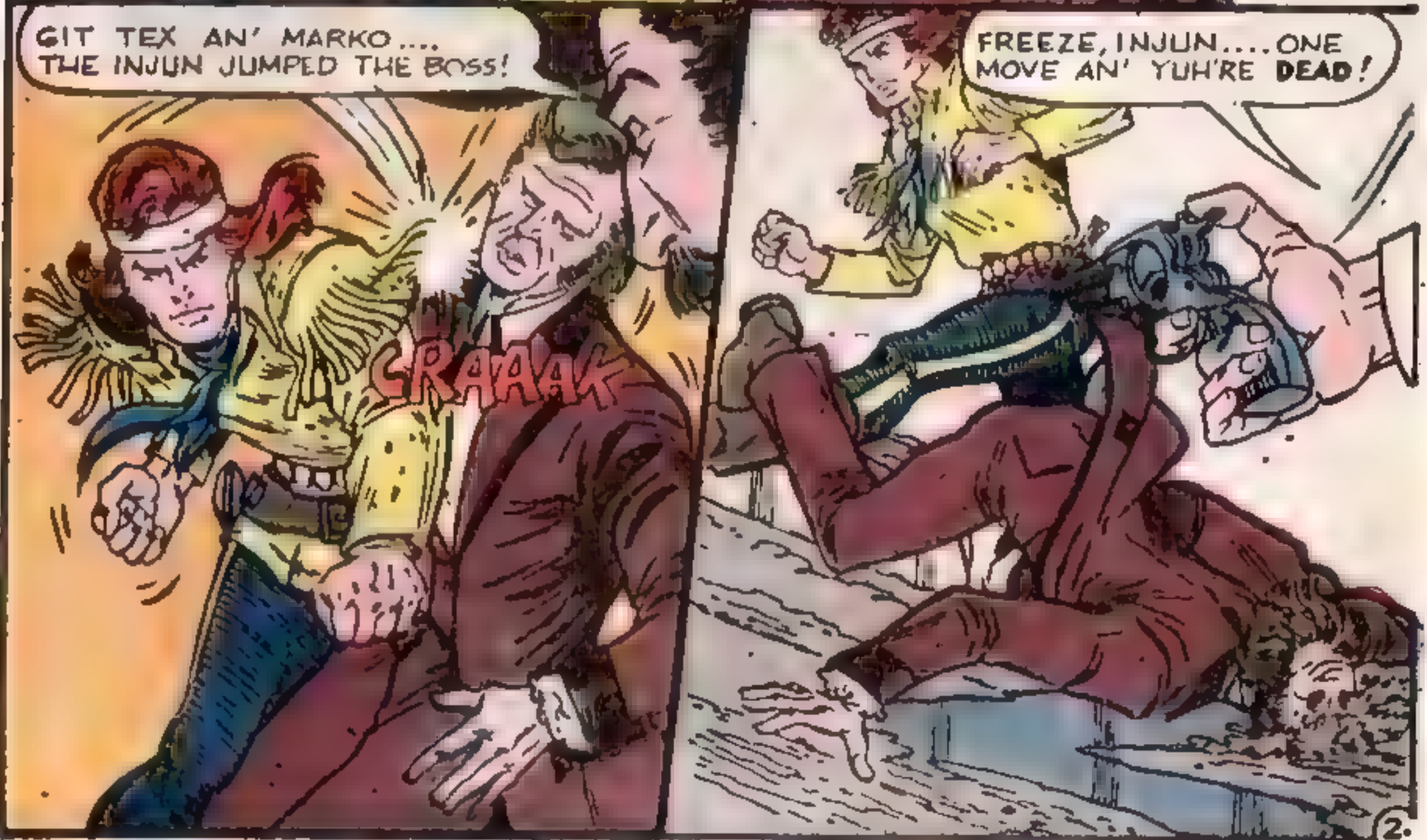
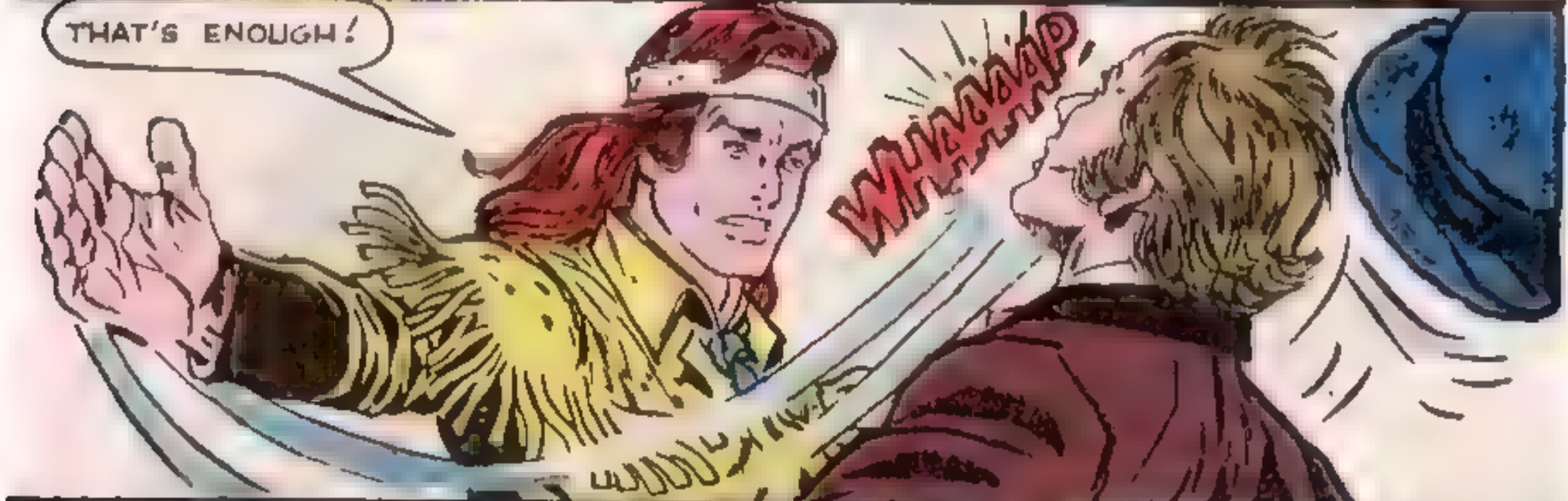
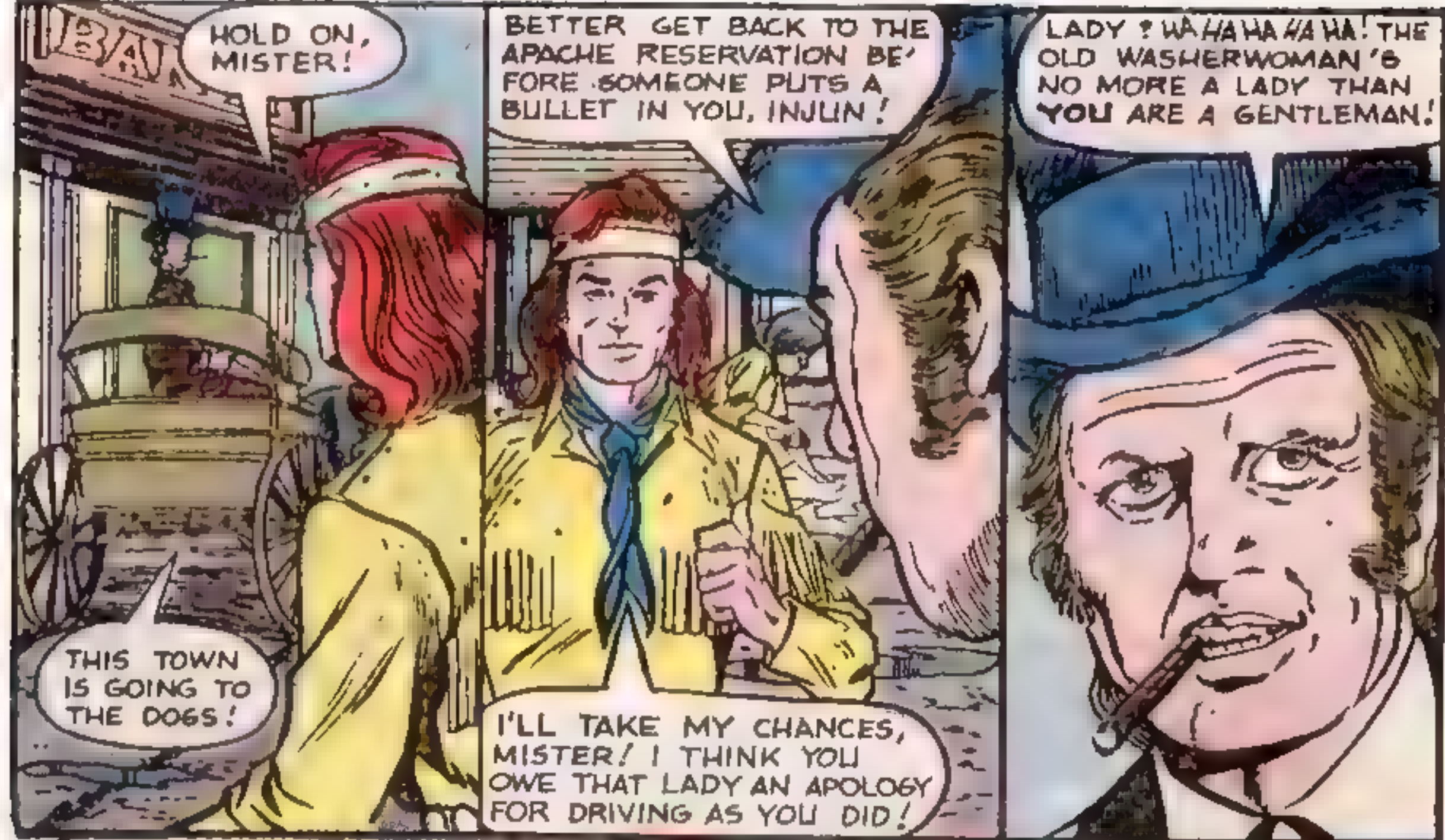
NOW, WE HAVE OUR OWN BUFFALO HERD.... WE WILL TAKE CARE OF IT AND NEVER KNOW HUNGER AGAIN THANKS TO OUR CHEYENNE COUSIN!

APACHE RED

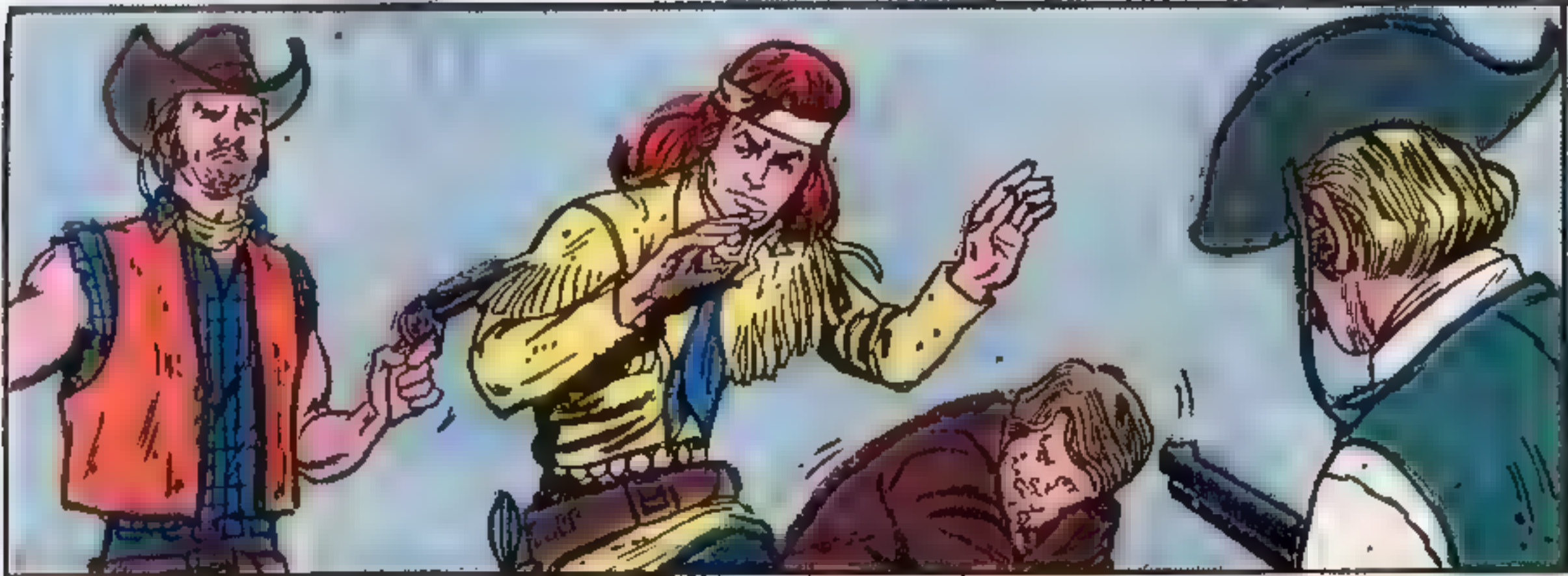
AND THE WASHERWOMAN

APACHE RED'S IRISH MOTHER TAUGHT HIM TO BE GENTLE AND KIND... SHE ALSO INSTRUCTED HIM IN ENGLISH GRAMMAR, MATHEMATICS, AND OTHER SCHOLARLY SUBJECTS! HIS FATHER, THE MIGHTY APACHE CHIEF CALLED **EL ROJO** TAUGHT HIM MORE WARLIKE SKILLS....BUT APACHE RED HAD TO LEARN THE HARD WAY ABOUT THE TREACHEROUS WAYS OF THE WHITE MEN IN ALKALI FLATS!

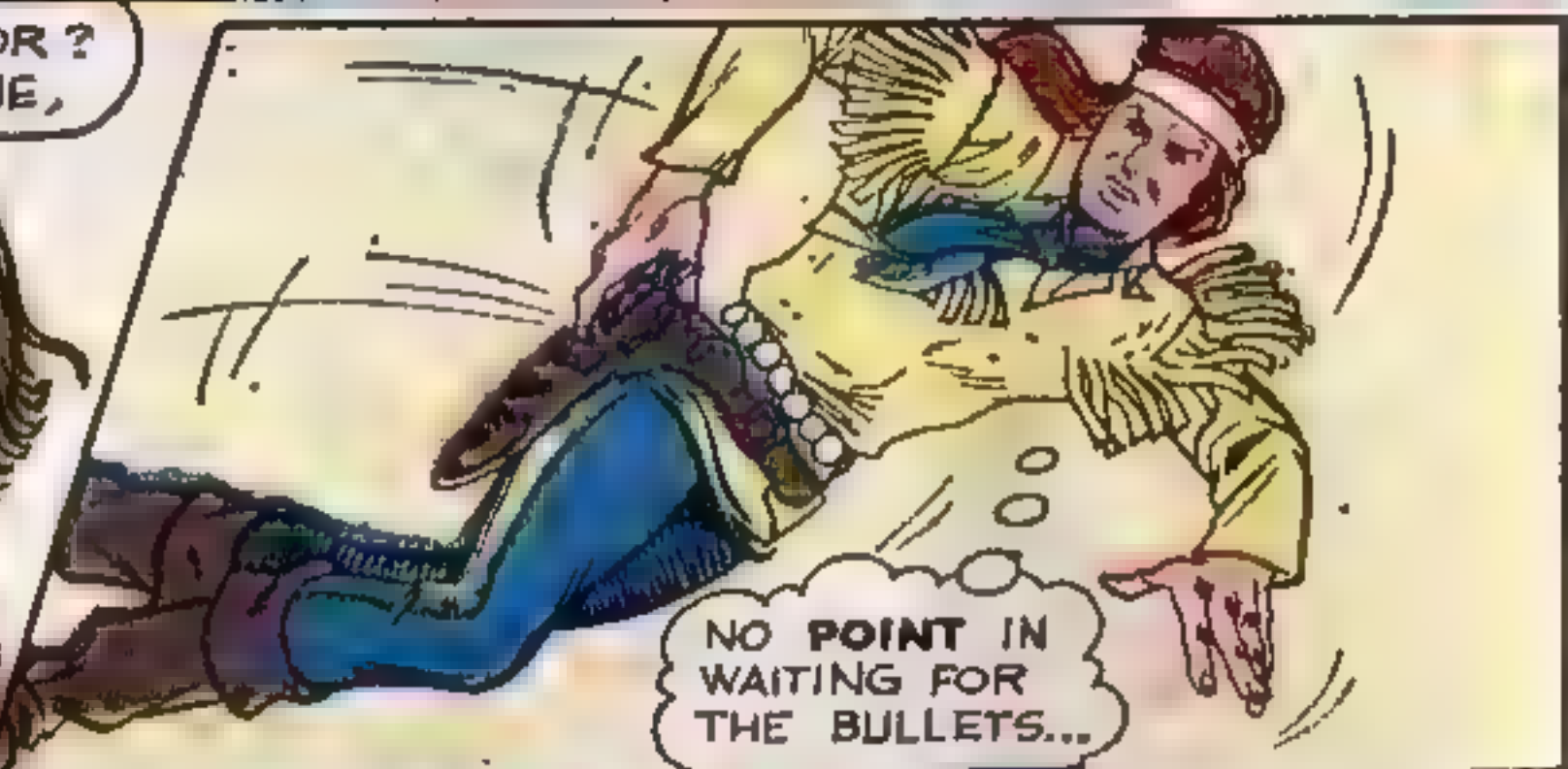




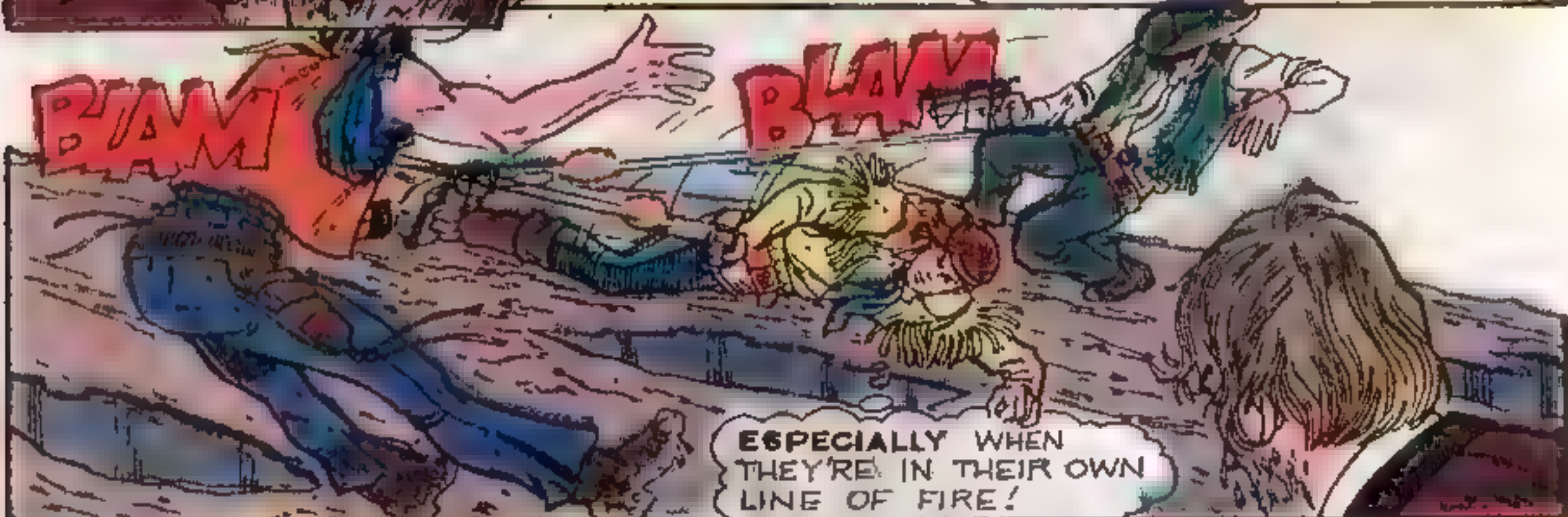
CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE



WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?
KILL HIM! YOU HEAR ME,
MARKO? SHOOT
HIM DOWN!



NO POINT IN
WAITING FOR
THE BULLETS...



ESPECIALLY WHEN
THEY'RE IN THEIR OWN
LINE OF FIRE!



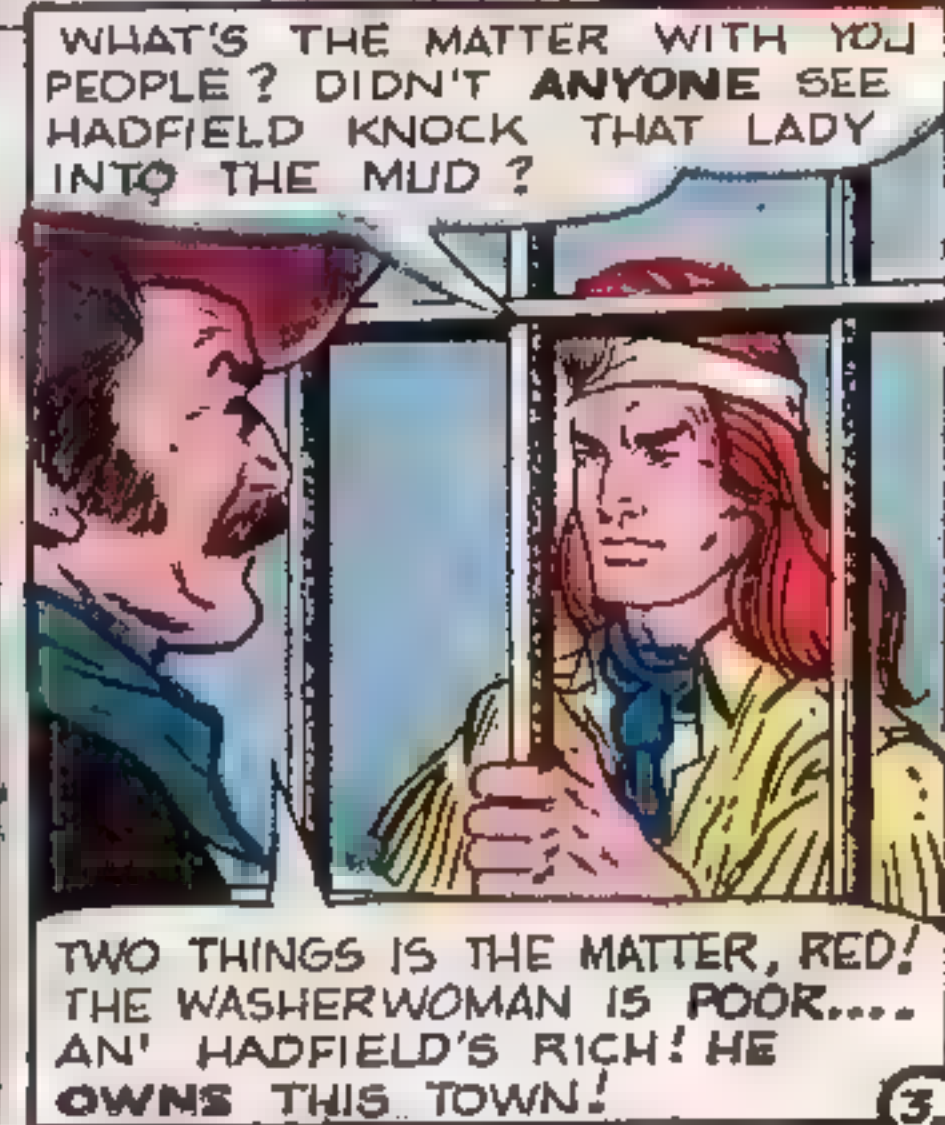
THAT LEAVES
YOU
MISTER!

H-HE'LL MASSACRE
THE WHOLE TOWN!



THIS SHOTGUN'S GOT A
HAIR TRIGGER AN' I'M
NERVOUS, RED! DON'T
MAKE IT GO OFF!

ARREST HIM,
MARSHAL! HE'LL
HANG FOR THIS!



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU
PEOPLE? DIDN'T **ANYONE** SEE
HADFIELD KNOCK THAT LADY
INTO THE MUD?

TWO THINGS IS THE MATTER, RED!
THE WASHERWOMAN IS POOR....
AN' HADFIELD'S RICH! HE
OWNS THIS TOWN!



MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME TO RESPECT WOMEN, ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY ARE OLDER....EVEN MORE SO WHEN THEY ARE DEFENSELESS! THIS HADFIELD CALLS HIMSELF A GENTLEMAN... BUT HE IS LESS THAN DIRT!

LEON HADFIELD, GENTLEMAN AND BANKER, VOICED HIS OPINIONS OF APACHE RED AND INDIANS IN GENERAL....

WE SHOULD WIPE OUT THE ENTIRE APACHE TRIBE! WE'LL START BY HANGING THIS REDHEADED KILLER IN THE MORNING!

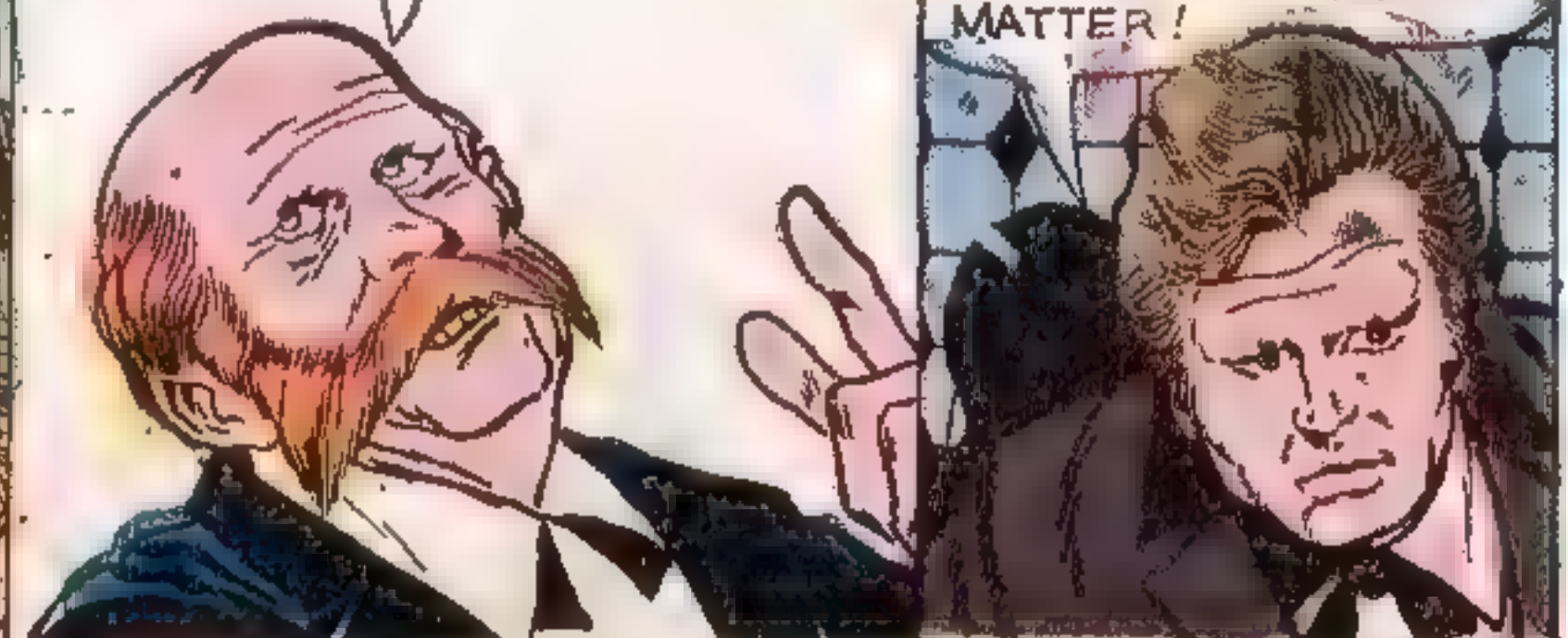
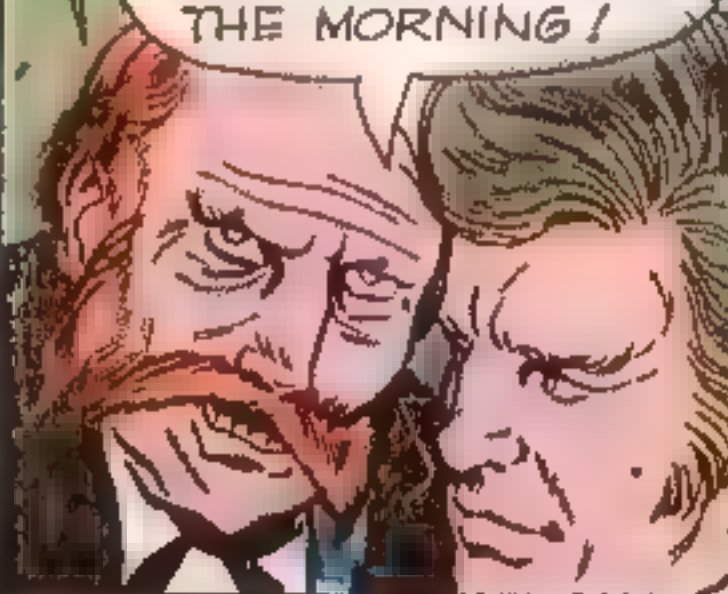


WE HAVEN'T EVEN TRIED HIM YET AND TOMORROW IS SUNDAY, MR. HADFIELD

WE'LL HOLD THE TRIAL RIGHT NOW AND HANG HIM IN THE MORNING!

GOOD ENOUGH! I DECLARE THE COURT'S IN SESSION!

SPLENDID! THE DRINKS ARE ON ME!...YOU ALL KNOW HE'S GUILTY.... YOU SAW HIM STRIKE ME! THAT'S A HANGIN' MATTER!



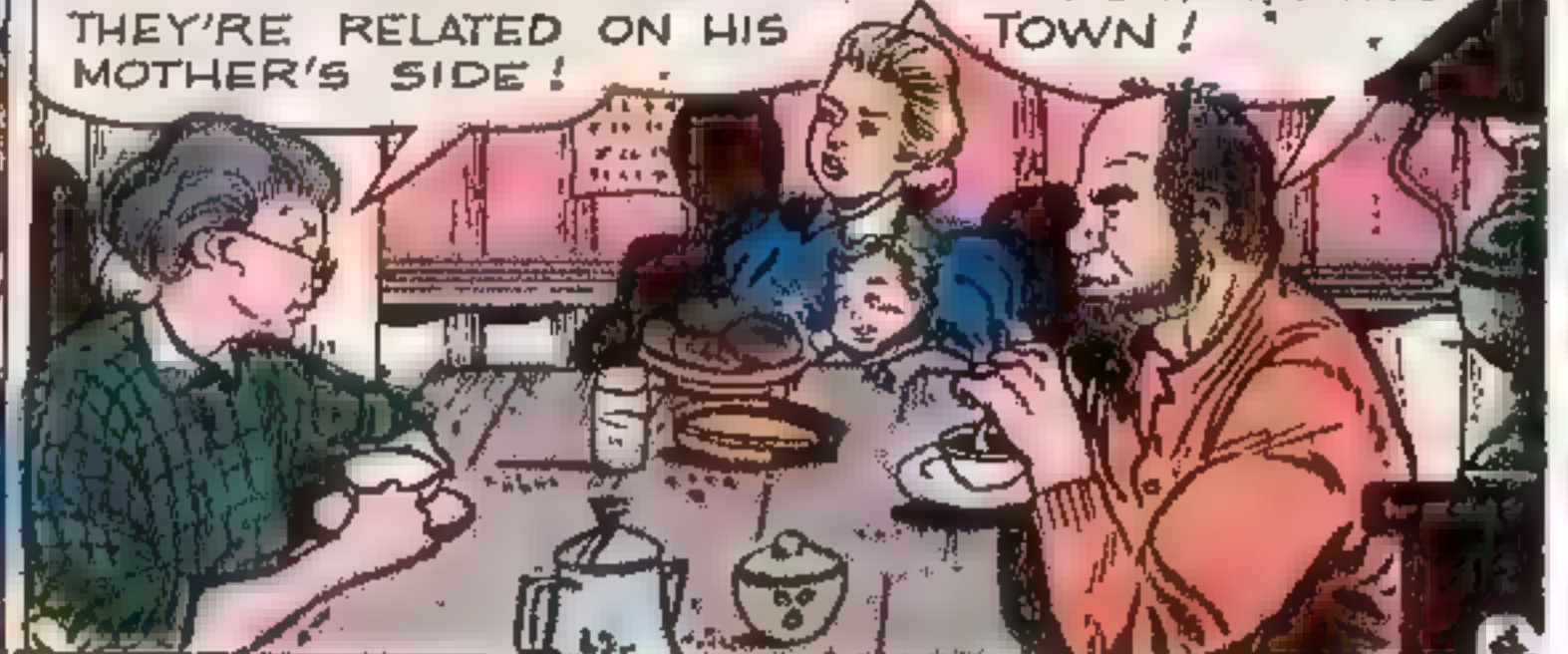
WE'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT, MR. HADFIELD! WE SAY HE'S GUILTY!

THE VERDICT IS GUILTY! I SENTENCE APACHE RED TO HANG FIRST THING TOMORROW MORNING! COURT'S ADJOURNED!

THE TOWN OF ALKALI — FLATS HAD JUDGED APACHE RED ...AND SENTENCED HIM TO DEATH! THAT IS.... LEON HADFIELD AND HIS CRONIES DID! BUT THERE WERE OTHERS....PEOPLE LIKE WASHERWOMAN NELLIE O'ROURKE....AND BLACKSMITH TIM DONOHUE!

'TIS A SHAME, TIM, THEY'LL HANG THE BOY AN' HIM WITH HAIR AS RED AS SEAN O'BOYLE! HE ASKED FER MAGGIE GROGAN, TIM....SHE'S JUST TOLD ME THEY'RE RELATED ON HIS MOTHER'S SIDE!

HE WON'T HANG, NELLIE! IT'S TIME SOME OF US SHOWED HADFIELD HE'S NOT THE LAW IN THIS TOWN!



THE NOOSE WAS WAITING IN THE MORNING... MARSHAL BOYD BROUGHT HIM FROM HIS CELL... AND HADFIELD SMILED! WHAT FINE WAY IT WAS TO START THE DAY!

GET ON WITH IT, BOYD! DON'T LET THE OLD WOMAN NEAR HIM!

I JUST WANT TO SAY GOOD-BYE TO HIM, MARSHAL BOYD!

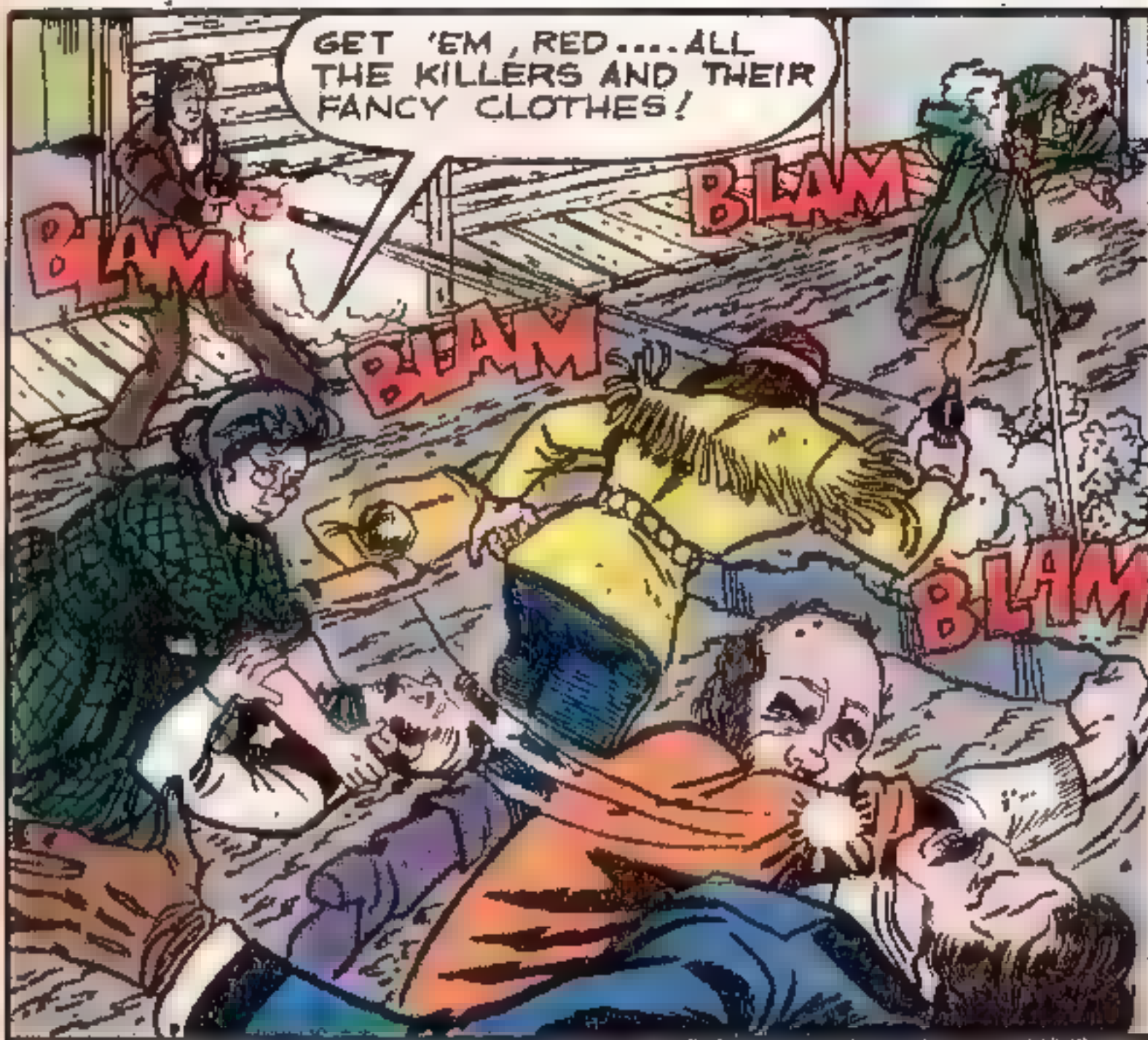
I BROUGHT YOU, A PRESENT, RED!

JUST WHAT I WANTED, MA'AM!

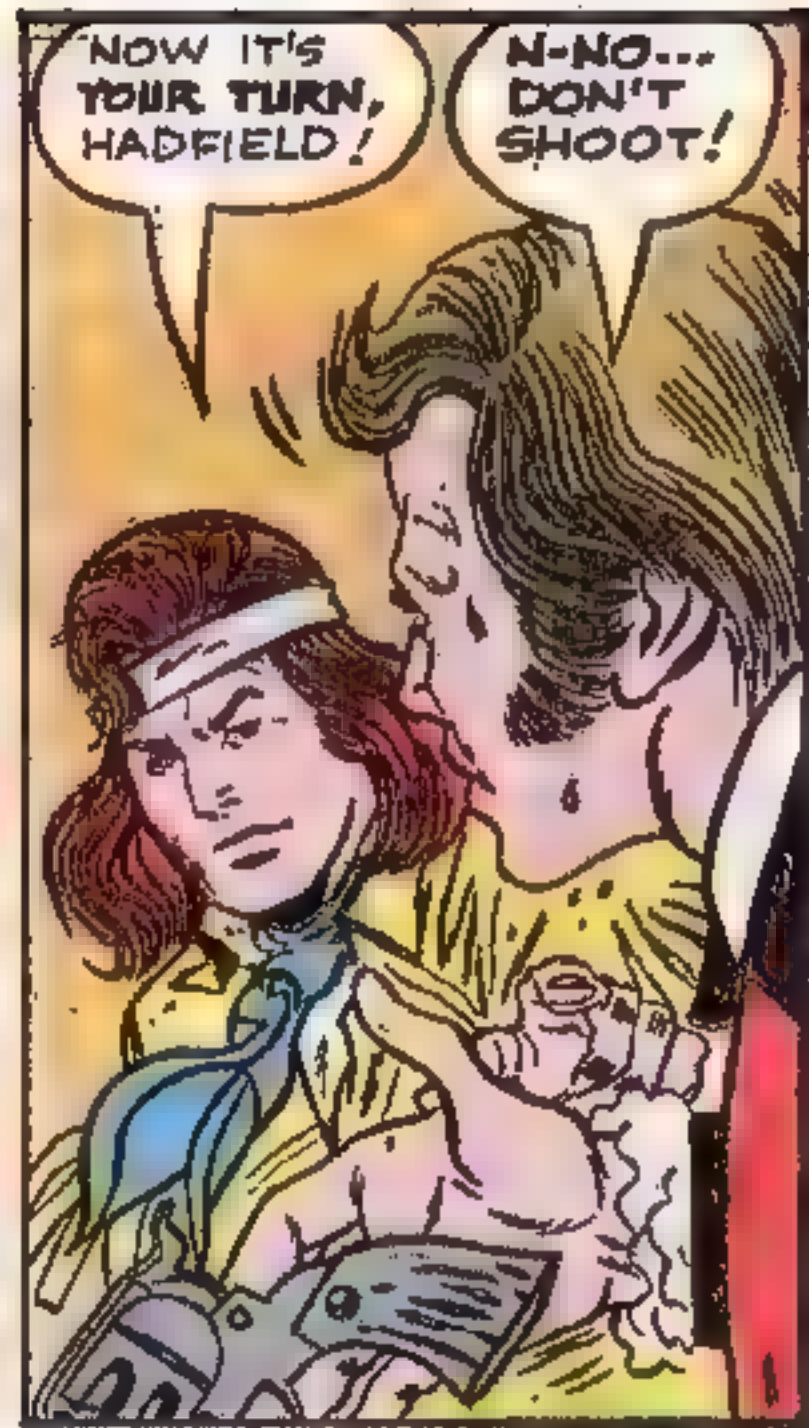
BLAM

BLAM

THE APACHE'S GOT A GUN!

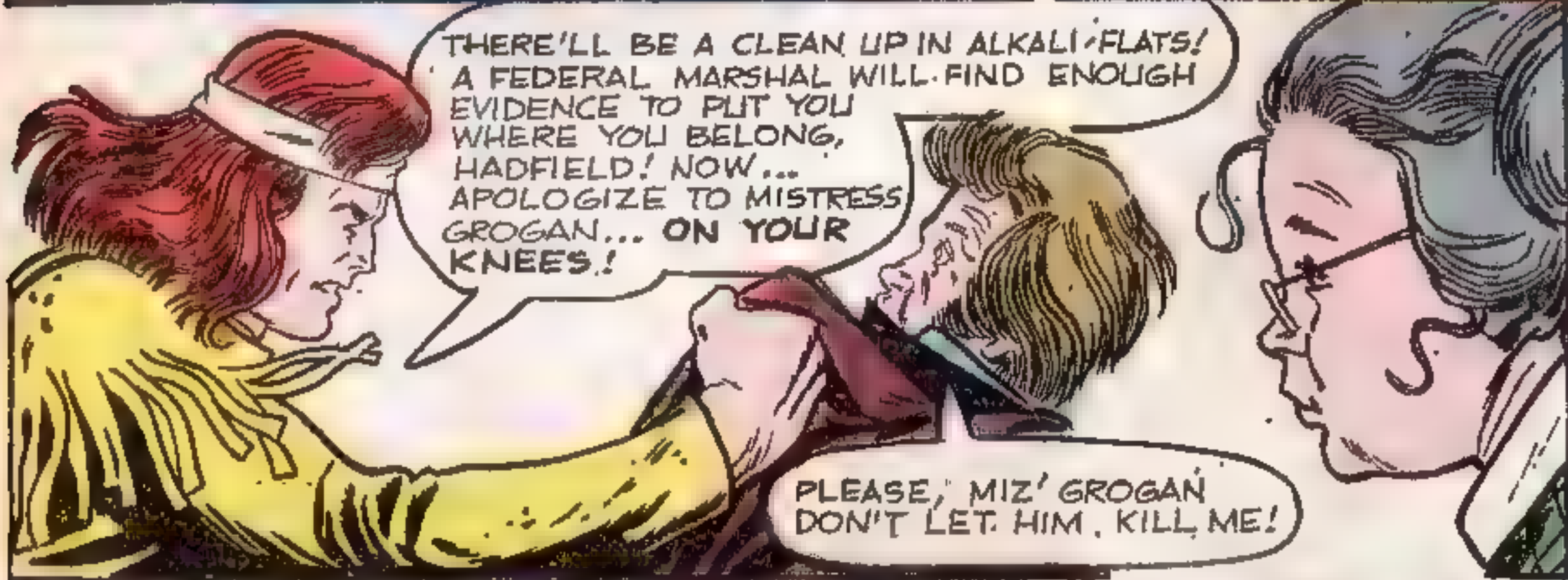


GET 'EM, RED....ALL THE KILLERS AND THEIR FANCY CLOTHES!



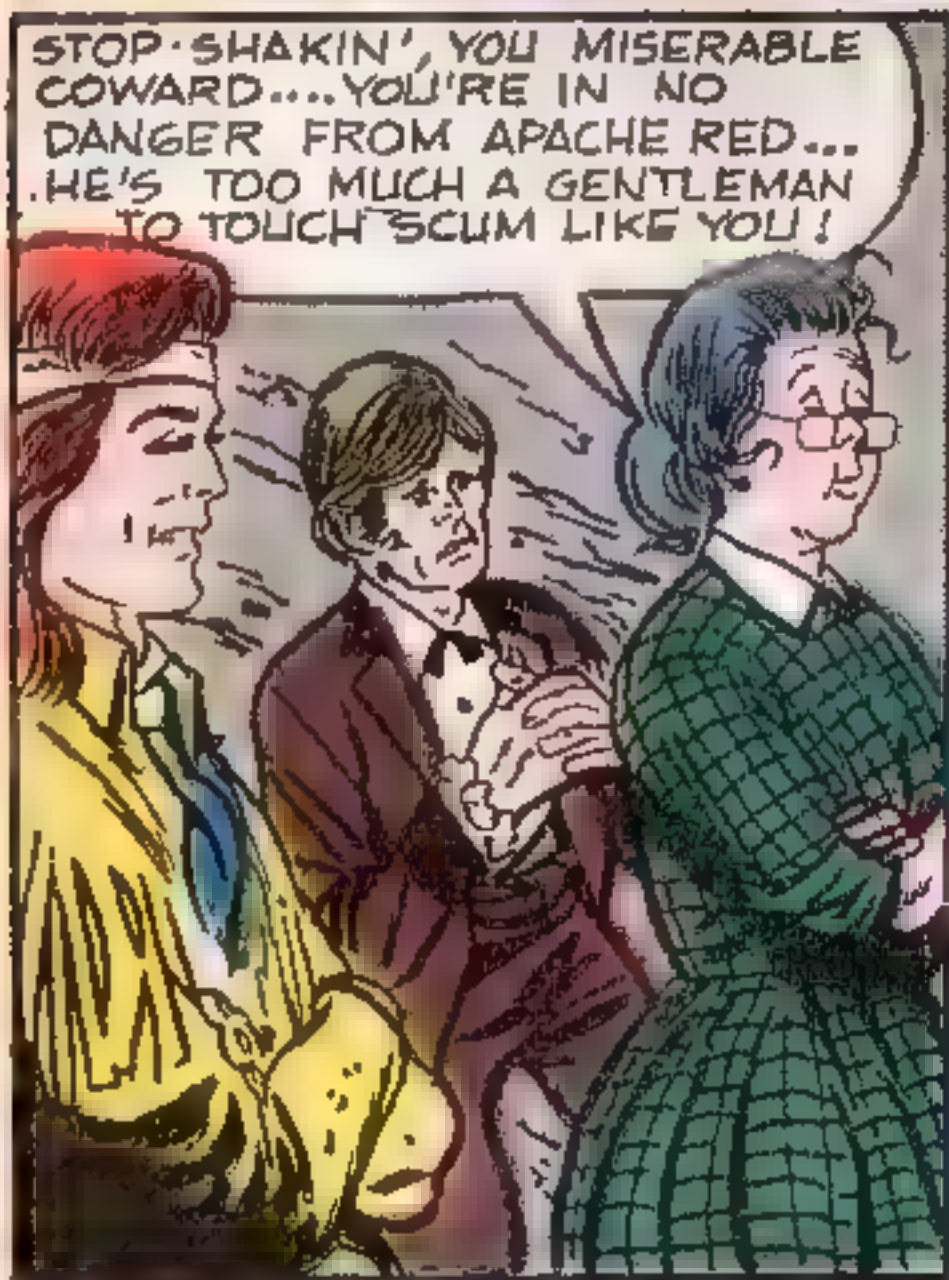
NOW IT'S YOUR TURN, HADFIELD!

N-NO... DON'T SHOOT!



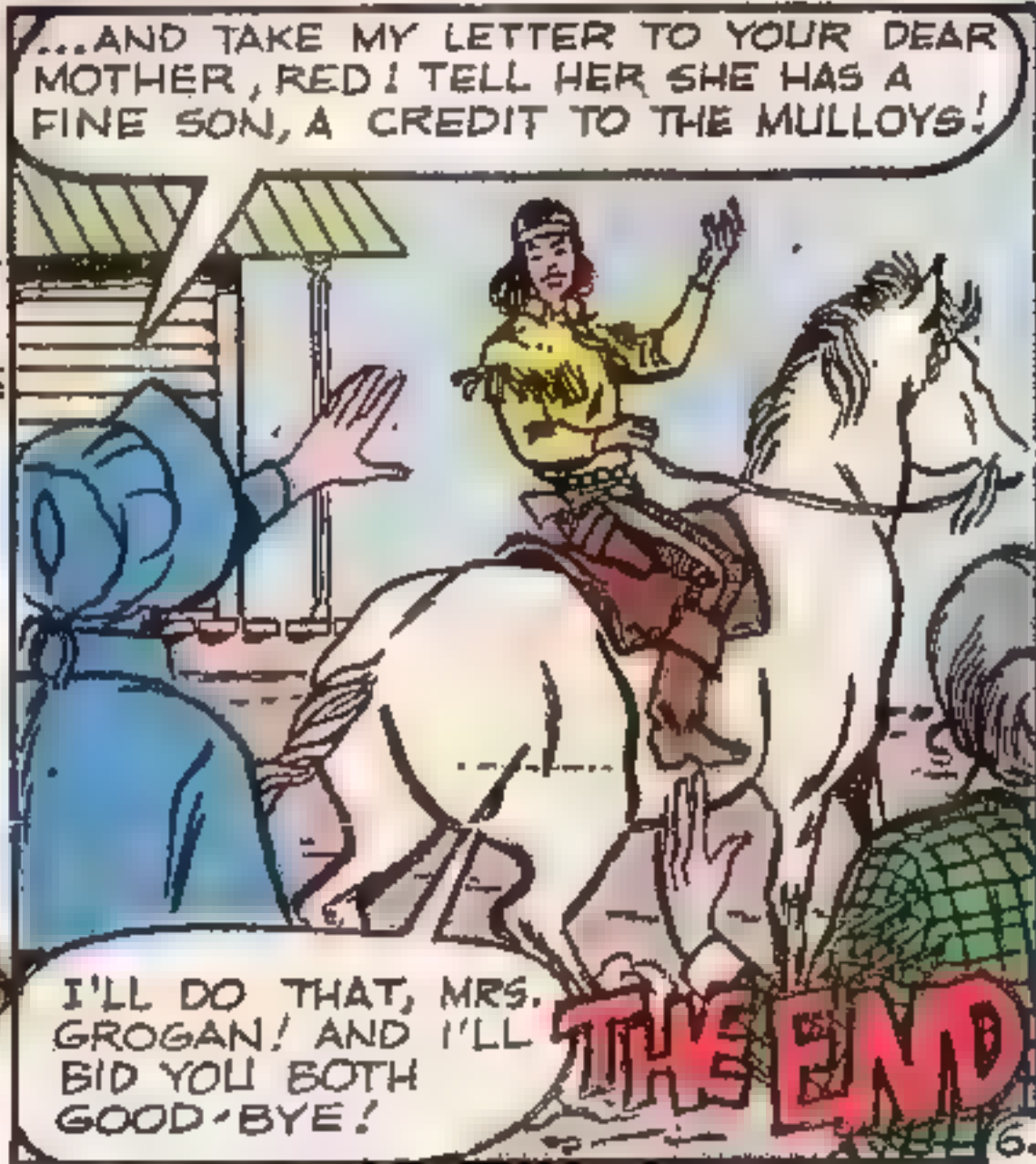
THERE'LL BE A CLEAN UP IN ALKALI FLATS! A FEDERAL MARSHAL WILL FIND ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO PUT YOU WHERE YOU BELONG, HADFIELD! NOW... APOLOGIZE TO MISTRESS GROGAN... ON YOUR KNEES!

PLEASE, MIZ' GROGAN DON'T LET HIM, KILL ME!



STOP SHAKIN', YOU MISERABLE COWARD....YOU'RE IN NO DANGER FROM APACHE RED... HE'S TOO MUCH A GENTLEMAN TO TOUCH SCUM LIKE YOU!

AND, SO, APACHE RED AND THE WASHER-WOMAN TAUGHT THE CITIZENS OF ALKALI-FLATS SOME MANNERS THE HARD WAY!



...AND TAKE MY LETTER TO YOUR DEAR MOTHER, RED! TELL HER SHE HAS A FINE SON, A CREDIT TO THE MULLOYS!

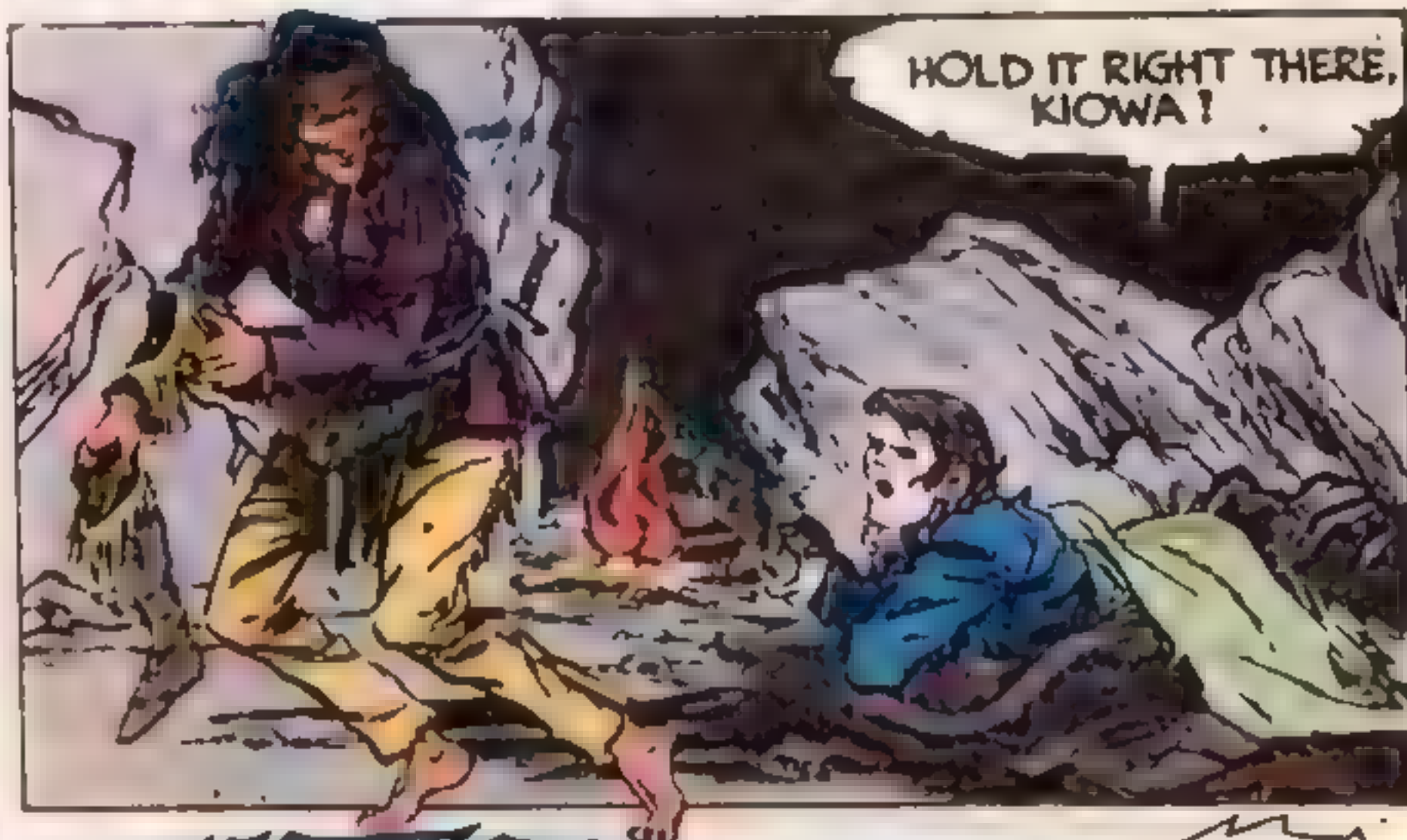
I'LL DO THAT, MRS. GROGAN! AND I'LL BID YOU BOTH GOOD-BYE!

THE END

THE CAPTURE OF SOREFOOT

3242

BECAUSE HE GOT FROSTBITTEN FEET IN A GREAT PLAINS BLIZZARD ONCE, THE KIOWA WARRIOR NAMED NAKAMA HAD TROUBLE WITH HIS FEET.... AND HE WAS CALLED 'SOREFOOT'.... AND THESE TENDER TROTIES CAUSED NAKAMA TO DO STRANGE THINGS! THINGS SUCH AS...

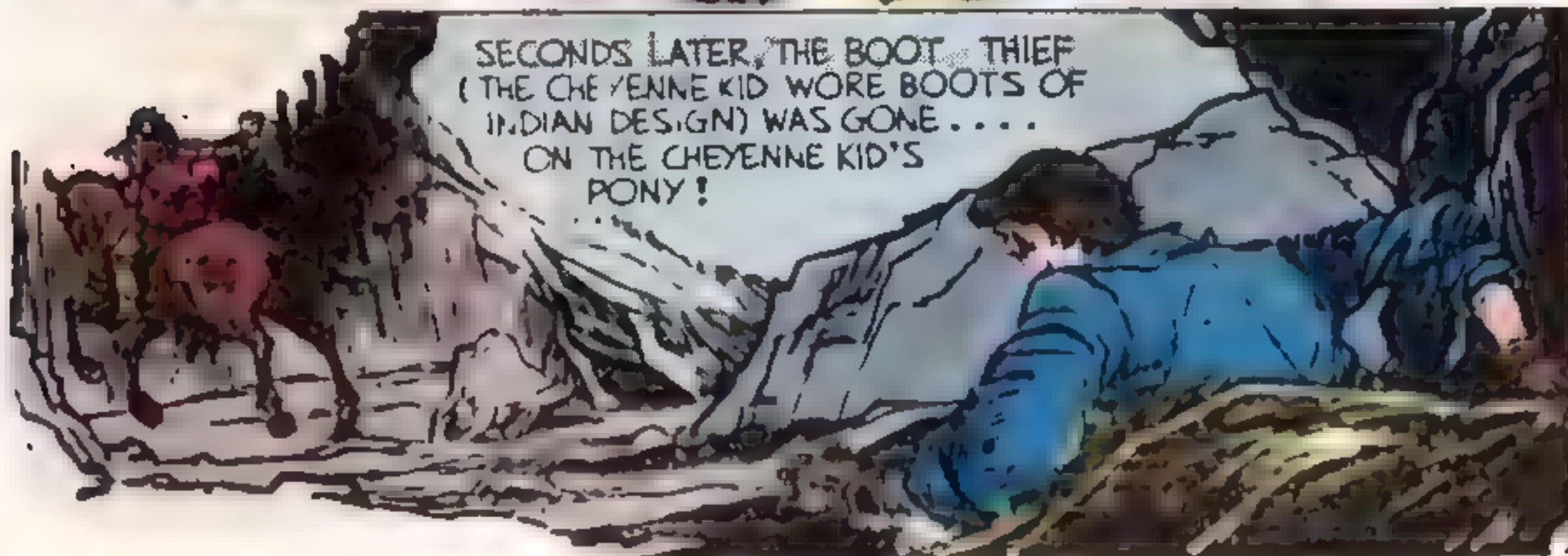


HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, KIOWA!



SHUT MOUTH!

SECONDS LATER, THE BOOT THIEF (THE CHEYENNE KID WORE BOOTS OF INDIAN DESIGN) WAS GONE.... ON THE CHEYENNE KID'S PONY!





COME BACK HERE, YUH
UGLY, THIEVIN' KIOWA
BANDIT!



I'M
MAD!

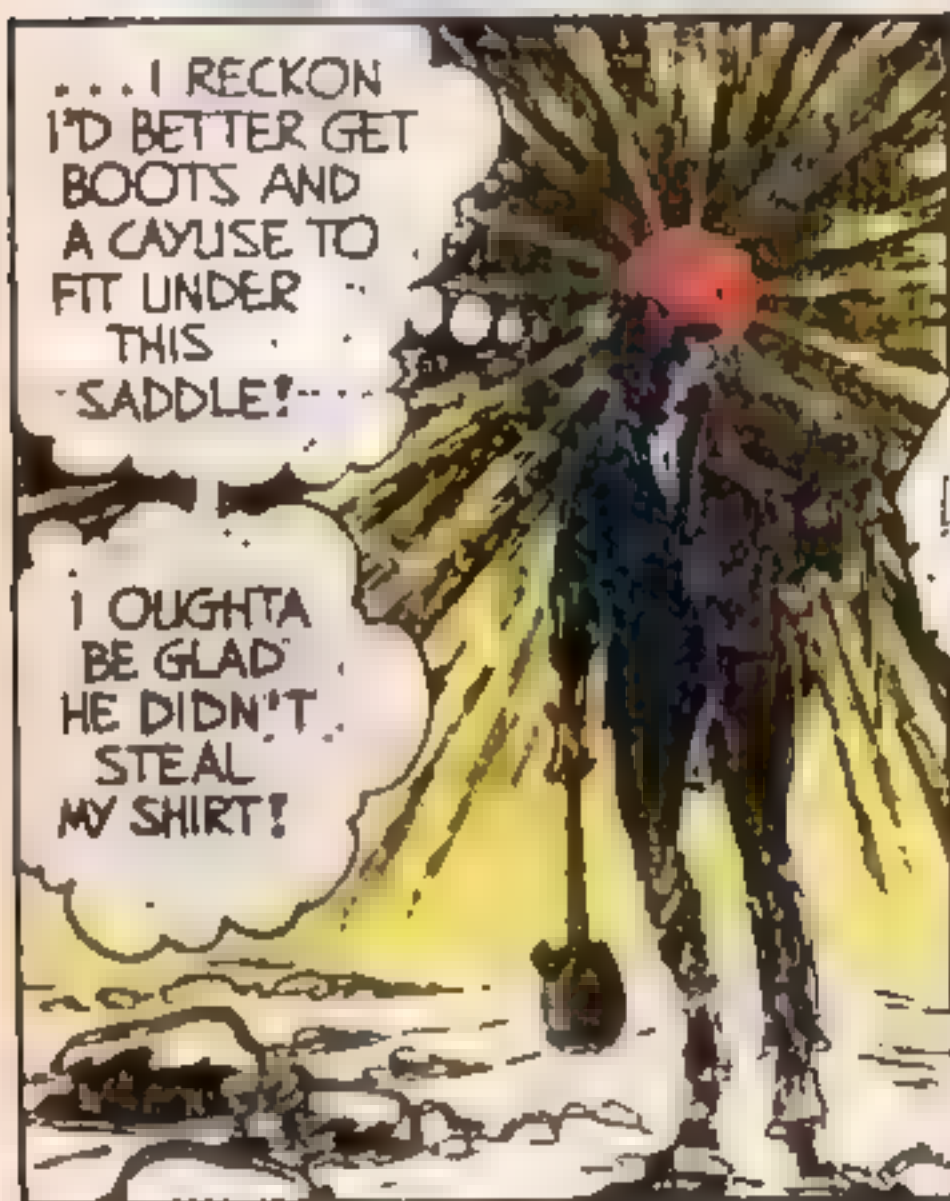


HOW
STUPID
CAN I BE?

WHEN MORNING CAME, THE CHEYENNE KID TRIED TO
TRACK THE KIOWA THIEF BUT.....



I CAN'T GET FAR
IN THIS COUNTRY
WITHOUT BOOTS...



... I RECKON
I'D BETTER GET
BOOTS AND
A CAYUSE TO
FIT UNDER
THIS
SADDLE!...

I OUGHTA
BE GLAD
HE DIDN'T
STEAL
MY SHIRT!

THE CHEYENNE KID WAS KNOWN IN THE TERRITORY....
AS A FEARLESS ARMY SCOUT, FORMIDABLE GUNFIGHTER,
AN EXPERT TRACKER! SO, WHEN HE APPEARED IN TOWN
ABOUT NOON, THE LOAFERS SAW HIM AND....



HEY, ACE...
THERE'S THE
CHEYENNE KID...

YEAH....
SOMEBODY
STOLE HIS
BOOTS! HAR
HAR HAR!

LOOKIE THERE! THE GREAT
CHEYENNE... WALKIN' LIKE
A TENDERFOOT!

W 5 FEET ARE TENDER,
I BET!

YOU GENTS
THINK IT'S
FUNNY?

I'M NOT
LAUGHIN'!

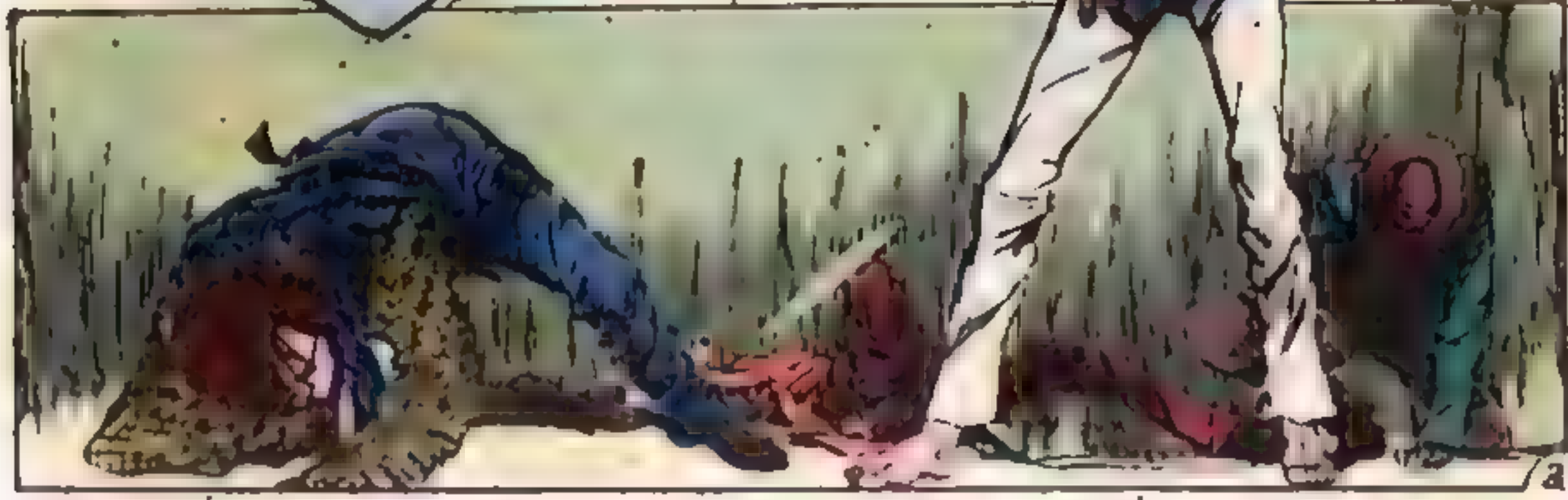
THUD!

POW!

OW!

WHAP!

THAT'LL
TEACH 'EM
NOT TUN
LAUGH AT
THE
CHEYENNE
KID!



UH... YUH RECKON ON
SETTIN' THERE ALL DAY,
CHEYENNE?

LISTEN,
SHERIFF, IF
YOU LAUGH
JUST
ONCE
I....

I RECKON I MUST LOOK PRETTY
RIDICULOUS! A SLICK KIOWA
BRAVE GOT MY HORSE AN' BOOTS
LAST NIGHT!

THOSE FANCY FRINGED
DEERSKIN MOCCASINS
YUH WEAR?



STORE

BILL FLACK GOT SOME
NICE SOFT BOOTS IN THIS
WEEK... MEBBE A PAIR
OF THEM WILL BE OKAY,
CHEYENNE!

THEY'LL HAVE TO
DO UNTIL I SEE
THE INDIAN WOMAN
WHO SEWED MY OLD
ONES! I'LL NEED
A CAYUSE TOO!



HOW DO THEY
FEEL,
CHEYENNE?

THEY'RE THE RIGHT SIZE,
SHERIFF, BUT THEY PINCH
SOMETHIN' AWFUL!



BY LATE AFTERNOON, THE CHEYENNE KID WAS
RIDING TOWARD KIOWA COUNTRY....

THERE'S ONLY ONE
KIOWA I KNOW WHO'D
RISK GETTIN' SHOT FOR
A PAIR O' BOOTS...
THAT'S NAKAMA!



WHEN I GET
MY HANDS ON THAT
KIOWA, I'M GOIN'
TO GIVE HIM
MORE LUMPS
THAN A POTATO!



NAKAMA'S A TOUGH 'INTJIN... HE
KILLED A GRIZZLY WITH HIS
KNIFE... HE'S TOUGH AS HICKORY!

THE KIOWA VILLAGE WAS IN A HIGH VALLEY.....
THE CHEYENNE KID CAME UPON
IT JUST AFTER DARK.....

GO TO THE
BIG FIRE... TALL
DEER WILL SPEAK
WITH YOU!

I COME IN PEACE,
KIOWA BROTHER!



I AM HONORED
BY YOUR
WELCOME, TALL
DEER! IT IS
MANY SUMMERS
SINCE
I STAYED
WITH YOUR
PEOPLE!

YOU WERE WITH ANOTHER BAND,
CHEYENNE COUSIN, BUT THEY
SPOKE WELL OF YOU! THERE IS
FOOD, EAT FIRST, THEN WE
WILL TALK!

THE COOKING
OF TALL DEER'S
WOMAN IS ADMIRERD
BY ALL!



YOU ARE
NAKAMA?
THE ONE
THEY CALL
SOREFOOT?
I HAVE
SEEN YOU
BEFORE!

IT WOULD BE BETTER FOR CHEYENNE IF YOU DID
NOT REMEMBER SO WELL!

I AM NOT ADMIRERD FOR MY WISDOM, SOREFOOT!
IT IS YOU I HAVE COME TO SEE... ABOUT
A HORSE AND A PAIR OF BOOTS!

YOU CHALLENGE
ME, CHEYENNE! YOU
WILL BE
SORRY!



OUR CHEYENNE
COUSIN CHALLENGES
ME, NAKAMA, TO
FIGHT! I SAY WE
FIGHT WITH KNIVES!

WITH THIS KNIFE, I SLEW
THE GREAT GRIZZLY BEAR.
CHEYENNE! WHAT
CHANCE DO YOU HAVE
WITH ME?

KEEP
TALKIN',
SOREFOOT...

NAKAMA'S
BRAINS ARE LIKE
HIS FEET...ALMOST
USELESS!

NAKAMA, 'SOREFOOT', LUNGED SUDDENLY,
HIS KNIFE BLADE FLICKERING IN THE
FIRELIGHT... BUT THE CHEYENNE KID DUCKED...
AND HE STRUCK... KICKING HARD AT
SOREFOOT'S TENDER LEG!

NAKAMA'S
SKILL WITH A
KNIFE IS
WIDELY
KNOWN...
BUT HIS
FEET
ARE NOT
AS
SKILLFUL!

SWISSHH!

THUD!

POOF!

THUD!

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

